
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MAY, 1814.

MRS. ANASTATIA ROBINSON

WAS one of those ladies who rise from the situation of a stage performer to the rank of a lady of quality : she was descended from a good family in Leicestershire ; and was the daughter of a portrait painter ; who, having visited Italy for improvement in his art, had made himself master of the Italian language ; and had acquired a good taste for music. Finding that his daughter, Anastatia, during her childhood, had an ear for instrumental harmony, and a promising voice, he had her taught by Dr. Crofts ; at first as an accomplishment, but afterwards, being afflicted with a disorder in his eyes, which terminated in his entire loss of sight, and this misfortune depriving him of the means of supporting his wife and family by his pencil, he was under the necessity of availing himself of his daughter's musical talent, to turn it to account as a profession. She not only prosecuted her musical studies, with great diligence, but, by the assistance of her father, had acquired such a knowledge of the Italian tongue as enabled her to converse in that language, and to read the best poets in it

with facility. And that her taste in singing might approach nearer to the Italian, she had vocal instructions from Sadoni, at that time an eminent Italian singing master, resident in London; and from an Opera-singer, called Baroness. Her first public exhibition was at the concerts in York buildings, where she usually accompanied herself on the harpsichord: her general education had been pursued with the utmost care and attention, to the improvement of her mind as well as to ornamental and external accomplishments; and these advantages, seconded by her own disposition, and amiable qualities, rendered her conduct strictly prudent and irreproachable; and what still more entitled her to general favour was a behaviour full of humility and respect to her superiors; and an undissembled gentleness and affability to others; which, with a native cheerfulness that diffused itself to all around her, gained her at all times such a reception from the public as seemed to ensure her success in whatever she should undertake. Encouraged by the partiality of the public towards his daughter, and particularly by the countenance and patronage of some persons of high rank of her own sex, Mr. Robinson took a house in Golden-square; where he established weekly concerts and assemblies, in the manner of *Conversazioni*; which were frequented by all such as had any pretensions to politeness and good taste. She took a Benefit Concert at the Opera-house, June 9th, 1713, as appears by the *Daily Courant* of that time; she had before this made her appearance on the same boards, in her first engagement, in *Creso*; and her second was in *Ismina*, the principal female part in *Arminio*; but the assertion is not true, that she first appeared in the Opera of *Narcisso*. From this period to the year 1724, she continued to perform a principal part at the Opera with increasing favour and applause. Her salary is said to have been one thousand pounds, and her emoluments, by benefits and presents, were estimated at nearly as much more.

When she quitted the stage, it was supposed to be in consequence of her marriage with the gallant Earl of Peterborough, the friend of Pope and Swift, who distinguished himself so heroically in Spain during the reign of Queen Ann. Though the marriage was not publicly declared till the Earl's death in 1735, yet it was spoken of as having long taken place ; and such was the purity of her conduct and character, that she was instantly visited at Fulham, as Lady of that mansion, by persons of the highest rank. Here, and at Mount Bevis, the Earl's seat, near Southampton, she resided in an exalted station, till the year of her decease, 1750 : she survived her Lord fifteen years; who, at the time of the connection, must have been advanced in life; he was in his 75th year when he died.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

MATRIMONY.

Some men, says Erasmus, consult their fingers on the subject of marriage, and thus calculate with nicety the portion which they may probably obtain with their wives. Some consult only their ears, and take a wife on hearsay. Olympias, the mother of Alexander, said of a young man in the court of Macedon, who had married a beautiful woman, but of doubtful character, that he had indeed consulted his eyes, but not his ears. The ancient Germans preserved their fidelity to their wives very religiously, and condemned adulteresses to be drowned. The men of that country used to grant a portion to the women whom they received in marriage. Instead of trinkets, or any other finery, they presented them with a shield, a horse, and a sword. The women were taught by these presents that it was their duty to participate with their husbands in the fatigues and dangers of war. Hence arose a custom, which still prevails in the German armies, of carrying many women in their camps.

THE GOSSIPER. No. XXXIV.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle."

BIBLE.

PERHAPS there is no way in which a merciful Providence shews more affection for sinful mortals, than in the thousand occupations of life for their employment; which either render them more worthy members of the society they are placed in, or fit subjects for the world to come. Were it not for the daily occupation of man, what a blank would this world become! The benefits of a great and merciful God would be rejected; the unearned pleasures of life would end in satiety, and man, deprived of stimulus, would become a thankless, a pitiful, and a wretched creature. Surrounded by death in the midst of life, the contemplation of a future state would be too hard for us to bear; and despairing to make ourselves sufficiently perfect for heavenly joys, we might fall into the other extreme, and, by dwelling on our misfortunes, defy the vengeance of the Almighty power. From the want of stimulus, it is probable, that a distaste for life is more frequently engendered in the circles of fashion and fortune, than in the haunts of necessitous industry. I do not attempt to stamp with implicit credit the common-place and hackneyed assertion, that all the higher classes of life must be dissipated and unhappy, because we know that the whole circle of Arts and Sciences are often pursued by these classes with credit to themselves, and profit to the country in which they live; but I mean to say, that as necessity made a Johnson, a Smollet, and a Fielding, so, without that stimulus which they had for industry, the man of fortune may be more apt than the child of poverty

to sit down discontented from not having improved the talents given him. Let the child of misfortune confess what it was that first restored him to complacency; he will tell you employment. What dries the tears of the widow, but the exertions she is obliged to make for her infant progeny? Dreadful task, she exclaims! I cannot transact your duties. Cruel circumstances! that rob me of the luxury of my grief. I reject all future prospects. She will reject them in the first moments of despair; she will declare, she wishes for naught but to lie down, and die; and this is denied her. Leave her to her grief, rob her of the elegance of sorrow, she raises her languid eyes; she sees no one to assist the prattlers, whose father is now taken from them; a more quiet sorrow pervades her heart; she begins, at length, to attend to the calls of reason; she confesses, indeed, she is inconsolable; but the next moment smiles bedeck that face which she had sworn should be always bedewed with grief.

The lover too, deserted by her who was his all, declares that he will not survive his misfortune; but the calls of necessity compel him to exertion, and he contents himself with railing at the sex; while, had he been doomed to live at ease, with respect to outward circumstances, he would have pined in secret, and died in despair.

Cruel necessity! dreadful alternatives! how are ye cursed by the unfortunate! how do they look upon you as their bane, when you ought to be seen as their antidote! How often, when about to pursue the calls of business, or pleasure, has the hearse, the pall, or the execution, crossed my sight! Miserable man! might I exclaim, what avails it that thy cup mantles high with joy? what avails it that thy anxious brow, crowded with diurnal care, becomes furrowed in calculations for things perishable and unstable? Was not that knell for a creature like thyself? Are these hands, these feet, to be like his, motionless and inactive? Am I, like him, to sleep the sleep of death? Yes, 'tis even so. The sleep of death must come; but, while

I live, I must exert myself, not only for my own, but the good of others ; and, instead of indulging in useless speculations, thank Heaven for making me what I am; and refrain not from partaking its benefits.

Let me advise those who afflict themselves with fancied evils, who are filled with vain regrets, and whose life is burthensome for want of some rational pursuit, to apply themselves to amusements beneficial to the state in which they live. Necessity, it is true, may not oblige them to exert their talents; but, if they would be true to themselves, if they would be content and happy, let some useful occupation lead them forward in life. If those who are fated to pass their hours in the luxury of taste, have feelings more acute than the industrious sons of commerce, let them impart some portion of science and assistance to their more needy brethren. The oak and the black-thorn have each their relative virtues, qualities, and purposes; the germs of genius will be expanded by those who have acquired taste to distinguish varied talents; and the time of our fashionables will glide cheerfully and usefully away; and they will no longer envy the blithesome carol of the humble sons and daughters of rural life.

The man of business, whose only stimulus to industry is the anticipation of future ease, will find, when he has gained the retirement he so long toiled for, that he is not so happy as he expected; he will find that his pleasure consisted in the means, not the attainment, of his purpose. Let him not too soon throw away the ladder by which he had hoped to climb to fancied happiness; for unless education, or the duties of the Exchange, or Custom-house, have left him some time to cultivate the sciences as an agreeable occupation,—unless he has laid up somewhat more in his mind than the invoices of his counting-house, he will find his country mansion insupportably dull; and, in the dome of his stately portico, he will bewail his lost content, and sigh once more for the precincts of Lombard-street for stimulus and for employment. Pleasure

must be bought to be valued ; the enervate sons of fashion only know it by name ; and the once active man, who has renounced his life of bustle for idleness, has been often obliged to the pistol, or the cord, to release himself from an insupportable existence.

C.

THOUGHTS ON PAINTING.

It is required of an eminent artist, that he should represent the interior of man as well as his exterior. He must therefore cultivate a knowledge of the human heart, and examine minutely the various commotions which the passions generate ; and not only be acquainted with them individually, but by the power of imagination arrive at the various modes by which they may be depicted. Suppose, for instance, that Michael Angelo, Appelles, Zeuxis, and Raphael, were contemporaries, and employed to paint Alexander at the head of his army ; they would form a representation of this intrepid Prince, with equal skill, perhaps, but not in a similar style. The character of fortitude may be variously described ; and it is the aim of a celebrated artist to collect together in his fancy the various methods of making it visible, and choose from that variety the happiest conformation. To represent the passions is not the most difficult office of the painter ; to present to the eye of the spectator their privation, or absence, is extremely arduous ; as, for instance, in the countenance of a philosopher. Here neither love, hatred, grief, nor any passion must appear. The character of the face exhibits neither phlegm, nor insipidity. A calm pervades the whole physiognomy. Moreover, a painter would succeed best in those works which were most suited to his particular disposition. A mild man should not paint violent passions, nor an artist of a turbulent disposition represent scenes of elegance. In either case, his pencil would be directed more by his hand than his heart. The love of glory alone should direct both.

THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE,

BY H. FINN.

LETTER XII. (*Continued from page 194.*)

KATHERINE TO MADAME ROSENHIEM.

IN vain I sought to fly the chidings of my heart for not accepting the only opportunity afforded of beholding him, by a persuasive attempt to reconcile it to the admission of prudential reasons. My better angel suggested strong and frequent arguments against any attempt to seek an interview with, or even a single glance at the object of my daily thoughts, my nightly visions; but love, in melancholy whispers, spoke too articulate, and "Albert will depart to-morrow" seemed the only sentence my bosom could understand; the only sounds my senses would admit. The struggle was disproportionate, momentary, and decisive. At every hazard, I determined to obtain the transient, but impressive view, the last perchance mine eyes could e'er indulge in; but yet the sweetest, when true memory should multiply the single pleasure. I inhabited an apartment situated at the extremity of the building, which I had preferred, as its retirement and silence contributed to render it more congenial to my disposition. My window commanded a view of the gardens; and with a sigh I beheld them illuminated, from a consciousness that I was precluded the pleasure of joining the gay group that pervaded their interior. My regret proceeded not from the deprivation of negative pleasure that consists in the admiration of novelty in sight, or sound; concealed beneath the impervious branches of the humblest brake, and gladdened with the form, the voice of *him*, *my* content had been complete. Occupied by the single idea, I hastened

to a door which communicated with the frequented part of the building. It was fastened, and again my guardian genius interposed, to mar my fatal determination; but as the torrent gushes more fiercely o'er the impeding barrier, it only served to add to my desire. In returning to my apartment, I recollect a small door that opened into the garden through its surrounding wall, which, by descending the stairs of the wing where I resided, and crossing the lawn, I might have ready access to; no other mode of entrance to the main apartments remained, except that which admitted the guests; and I hesitated not to follow the dictates of a blind and erring stimulus, yet irresistible as unseen. Folding a mantle round me for concealment, and shielding my face and form with precaution from the eye of curiosity, I descended the stair, listening at intervals to the distant hum of festivity: as I placed my foot upon the last step, I drew back involuntarily, lest I should encounter some watchful observer; but my fears were groundless; the allurements of duty, or pleasure, had withdrawn from solitude every being, save myself.

I crossed the space between my habitation and the garden with a quick, but uneven step. I was doomed to a second disappointment; the door was closed, and defied my every effort to force it open. I was quitting it with chagrin, when I heard the creaking of a bolt, as if it resisted the hand which sought to undraw it: trembling with apprehension at the probability of being observed at such an hour (for it was nigh the stroke of twelve) alone, and certain of detection, should I attempt to return, I suddenly sheltered myself behind the projecting trunk of a tree, that rose against the garden wall: my agitation did not prevent reflection, and the idea of events compelling the heart of truth to the vassalage of hard necessity, degrading its noblest attributes by the imposition of accident, made my frame shudder at the dilemma that might ensue. I beheld from my

concealment, a man issue from the garden ; the darkness of the night, and the distance, prevented my knowledge of more than his form ; he seemed to hesitate for some moments, then locking the door, departed towards my home. Thus foiled in my dearest wish, and finding all means to gain it hopeless, I slowly traced my way back ; but as if the torturing hand of mishap was never to be relaxed, I discovered with terror that, in my absence, the door that led to my apartment from the lawn had been locked ! Vainly, in a subdued voice, fearful of attracting attention, I called for my servant ; vainly I knocked ; all within maintained a painful, persevering silence. I heard steps approaching ; and recognized the form of him I had beheld enter from the garden ; and heard the question—" Is it the lady Katherine?" Having replied, he advanced nearer, and proved to be a domestic in the service of the Countess. Endeavouring briefly to account for my situation at that unusual time, I framed a falsehood ; and attributing my absence from the house to a desire for the enjoyment of the evening air, concluded, that some of the servants must have unintentionally fastened the door from which I came. He calmed my fears by observing he possessed a key to procure admission to the garden ; and entering the house by that, I might easily regain my own apartment. I paused ; to venture with a man at such an unseasonable hour, and alone, appeared extremely imprudent, and dangerous ; yet to remain in the useless expectation of entering by the private door, seemed equally so ; besides, was not that man a servant to my patroness, and bound to afford me protection ? And was there not a possibility of beholding Albert ? I accepted his proffered arm ; and once more found myself before the entrance to the garden : my heart rebounded at the consummation of my ardent hopes as we entered ; but the next instant recoiled at the thought of recognition : the place, the time, my companion, all were fatal to happiness, should I be known.

The domestic seemed to understand my secret apprehensions, and assured me the gardens had been deserted some time for the ball-room by all the company. The faint expiring flashes from the variegated lamps, enabled me to steal a hasty glance at the features of my conductor; it was followed by conjectures most unfavourable; a repelling scowl deepened the gloomy expression of his countenance, and inspired my bosom with alarm; with shrinking reluctance to accompany him:—requesting me to quicken my pace, he gently compelled my lingering feet to follow, and unknowing in what direction he was guiding me, I silently hurried along the obscure paths. We soon arrived within sight of the mansion, and I eagerly directed my course to the grand entrance, hoping to pass unnoticed; but this intention the domestic opposed, on the plea that a discovery of my person must inevitably follow, and that he knew a passage (used only by the domestics) which communicated with my apartment by a nigher and a safer circuit. More anxious to evade publicity as the danger grew more great, I yielded to his advice.

We ascended a flight of steps to a balcony that extended nearly round the mansion; and fronted the ball-room. As we were passing, I observed a window that had been thrown open for the admission of air; I paused before it, and, with an enquiring eye, sought amongst its smiling inmates for him I wished to behold; no niche, no group, escaped my acute examination. My companion urged the necessity for my immediate removal from the place; but he addressed a being deaf to every object. No form answering the finished semblance imagination pictured, and persecuted by the vehement requests of the domestic, I was at last tempted to forsake the window; but, as I cast a leaving look into the room, I beheld Albert enter! Could the eagle eye of love err in its recognition? No; Ulric accompanied him; he wore the uniform, the medal of promotion; he had been absent

from my sight for years; but from waking memory not an instant; it was probably the only moment fate had allowed me to gaze on him, perhaps the last: attracted by these potent motives to remain, I became a living statue, fixed, and almost breathless. The brilliancy of the apartment enabled me to trace the slightest variation of his countenance; it appeared pale, and a melancholy shade of a heart not happy, told me the smile was assumed that replied to the observations of mirth; he seemed sad, and the plenitude of happiness forsook my heart at the knowledge. Envy, for the first time, inhabited my heart; and I coveted each form, whose hand was blessed by a contact with Albert's. His eyes wandered indifferently from one object to another; and the triflers that greeted them were passed as if they had not noticed any. Affection, vanity, and hope, exclaimed in winning accents, "Katherine, 'tis for thee those glances rove! 'tis on thee his straying thoughts are fixed!" Flattering, deceiving spirits, how dreadful was the discovery of your falsehood! Roused from his apparent reverie by the Countess, he followed her to mingle in the mazes of the dance; the elegance of his figure, the gracefulness of his movements, arrested every faculty, and added to my passion; yet when he ceased, languor and sadness usurped the seat of smiles and vivacity; again he relapsed into the man of terrors, and his vacant eye again dwelt upon variety, or nothing. As he was winding thro' the figure, he appeared to pause from sudden indisposition; and sank to the floor. My apprehensions uncontroll'd, betrayed themselves in a piercing shriek that passed my lips! Suddenly every eye was detached from the fallen Albert, and rested on the wretched Katherine. Thus had the very blow I so sedulously avoided, so much feared, fallen with its fullest force; what were the emotions of my soul at that moment? Language ne'er depicted feelings, ne'er suffered agony, like mine. It crushed, it deadened sense; and I fainted.—

When my eyes again recovered their wonted perception, I found, a pavillion in the garden which adjoined the mansion, sheltered me; I was in the arms of the domestic; and as I heard the words—"Fly, my lord, she recovers," thought I beheld the *Monk Michael* recede from the pavillion; but my brain was heated, and confusion shook the throne of intellect. Conscious of my alarming situation, I endeavoured to extricate myself from the arms of my conductor; but all energy was paralyzed; and the listlessness of death chained each nerve. I had suffered enough; yet the *completion* of my misery was at hand. From an inner apartment, I beheld the Countess enter, and *Albert!* I saw no more; oblivion robbed me of recollection. Why am I cursed with its restoration? But heaven will be kind; and soon I trust give back within its peaceful regions, the lost tranquillity of

KATHERINE.

LETTER XIII.

THE COUNTESS GLENFIELD TO JUAN VINDICI.

Although the years have not been few since we met, a single glance sufficed to prove I have treasured your features in my recollection with no small care. Although the tender ties once subsisting between us have been weakened by time and absence, they have not been disunited; and our late interview, so strange, so unexpected, has tended to retrace them with fresh causes for a renewal of that happiness which destiny has so long deferred.

I should scarcely credit the scene I witnessed. Young Waldstien, from excessive fatigue (having ridden all day to honour my *fête* by his presence) had fallen in the dance, when our attention was excited by a piercing

shriek from a female we discovered in the balcony; who immediately disappeared. Albert soon partially recovered from his indisposition; and I was leading him, in concert with his friend Cohenberg, into the garden, hoping the air might perfect his returning health, when we beheld in the pavillion (through which it was requisite to pass) *Katherine Rosenciem*, supported in the arms of *Juan Vindici!* and he in the disguise of one of my domestics. What singular circumstances could have produced your meeting? And why were you found in the society of that affected piece of rusticity? Why effect your escape as we appeared? These events, *Juan*, create curiosity and alarm. Where is St. Valori? Is the hour of disclosure come? is it near? Remember, Juan, many victims must partake *my* fall. I will never sink *alone*; the slightest suspicion of an inglorious death to me compels a companion to the scaffold; yet I acknowledge the folly of writing thus. My friend will feel for her who ever felt for him a more than common interest; and renew the regard he once so pleasingly professed. Pray be explicit, be ingenuous for once, and explain this mysterious scene. My domestic, who conveys this epistle to you, will receive your reply at any hour, or place, you may be pleased to name; and believe me ever your former faithful *Genevieve*, tho' now created by your power and policy the *Countess*

GLENFIELD.

LETTER XIV.

VINDICI TO THE COUNTESS.

Vindici has no leisure to gratify the dangerous, yet idle, curiosity of women; or the patience to particularize, at the request of a fictitious Countess. She must be satisfied with knowing, that, for the present, she is free from danger; but her actions, words, looks, nay her very thoughts are watched, and known: she is peremptorily

commanded to dismiss the girl Katherine, the talisman which will enforce obedience is *Rome*. She will receive further secret instructions; they *must* be fulfilled, or the Countess Glenfield becomes Genevieve the courtezan.

V—.

LETTER XV.

COLONEL WALDSTIEN TO ALBERT.

Vienna.

I am convinced, and thou art doubly dear; prejudice confirmed might credit the plain narrative of thy innocence; then wherefore doubt the belief of one who has known, who loves, yet commiserates thy suffering virtue. There are two solemn confessions it is impossible to avoid; one I may communicate now; 'tis that I cannot live beyond a period which is fast approaching; nay the hour is known to me, that dooms the wasting form of Waldstien to the silent mansions of the dead. Oh! that his wounded name might rest as still, and be forgotten equally as sudden; yet know, although the fatal poison of disease encroaches on my frame, and goads me on each following moment, a moment nearer to the final limit of my life, thy hand is pure from the administration; the crimson hue of, perhaps, false shame may tint the furrowed features of thy father; yet was it not the hand of Albert that imparted it. Destiny unseen, and unavoidable, has inflicted every pang, has called up every blush my bosom and my cheek endures. Why not, dear Albert, communicate personally your melancholy story? The relation of Ulric was too full of anguish, that feared to seek relief; had the lips of my boy breathed those accents that wounded my breast at every word, I could have thrown my arms about his neck, and the contact of our bosoms might have lessened the undivided cause of sorrow. Was it to avoid the pain of mutual feeling

you hastily snatched an embrace to join the *fête*? Alas ! I consented from the inconsiderate idea of compensating for an hour's deprivation of thy society by many years of social enjoyment. No ; it was to shun the reproaches you imagined I intended to overwhelm you with, that induced you to fly my wishes. Cruel boy, had you remained, you had felt the censure of my tears alone, heard the voice of consolation only, and beheld me bend patiently to the lash of foul dishonour. *Dishonour!* Can the soul of Albert endure the stigma affixed to the term of Murderer? Is it not more noble to suffer death in innocence, by confronting (tho' you sink beneath their power) your calumniators than seek by dastard flight a precarious asylum from the corporeal touch of infamy, but never from its mental, unrelaxing grasp ? Rather invoke the justice which pursues you than deprecate its ever hostile step. Flight is construed by the world as synonymous with fear ; and fear with guilt. The soul of innocence suffers not the sentence of severity, nor loses life when life deserts mortality ; 'tis crime that shudders at the body's extinction, trembles at inspection, and flies the termination of existence. The stainless mind gathers fortitude from accumulating dangers, and confronts the horrors of a glossy serpent in the shape of private malice, arrayed as public justice. For my sake, Albert, for *your own, return* quickly. An important secret rankles in my bosom ; your presence can alone extract it. An oath, a dreadful oath, has hitherto sealed my secrecy ; but the last aspiration of existence draws on ; and that period must not be burthened with the anguish of injustice towards a being entitled to more than I can bestow in love, or praise. As you respect the happiness, the little remaining happiness of an expiring father, delay not the request of

WALDSTIEN.

(*To be continued.*)

HARRIET;
OR, THE NOVICE;
A CAUTIONARY TALE, FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

(Continued from page 162.)

CHAP. X.

IT requires no ghost from the grave to inform our readers, that the epistle which, to Petersham, was so satisfactory, called forth a very different feeling in our heroine; she vented all her spleen on the whimpering domestic, whose favours she was obliged to bribe; but when she was left to herself, a thousand sensations agonized her little frame; sometimes she upbraided him; then herself; and her pride having taken the alarm, she determined to vex him, as she thought, by maintaining utter silence. Alas! she little dreamed of the difference of their situation; with Petersham, time flew on rapid wings; he had nearly forgotten his attachment in some other object; but the poor child, whose peace of mind he had stabbed, had no method of getting rid of her anxious hours, but by employment in obnoxious studies, to which she was more than ever-averse.

Although Petersham had nearly forgotten his Harriet, as he often called her, she was sometimes present to his memory. A wet day, a disappointment, or an illness, which confined him at home, often gave him leisure to consider of the attachment he had formed; and which he still found hung about his heart. Days, weeks, and months, passed away without his writing to answer the billet that her love for him had wrung from her; but still the time was procrastinated, and nothing done. Pure, unaffected nature pleaded strongly in his breast for Harriet; there appeared about her such frankness, such a total forgetfulness of every thing but him when they met, that

in the hours he was compelled to pass in solitude, he would think of her *naïveté*, and feel that he might be happier in espousing her than in becoming the husband of *practised* maturity, though decked with a coronet.

One day he departed for Mrs. Seabright's house, with a view of entering into familiar conversation with her, and try to discover if Harriet's expectancies might warrant a nearer friendship with the family.

Although near four o'clock, Mrs. Seabright had but just risen ; an air of elegant *slatterness* pervaded her whole dress ; and the house appeared in a state of suspicious disorder ; which she attempted to excuse, by the lateness of the party she had entertained the day before. She left the room suddenly to give some orders; and Petersham, taking up a book, found written on the margin the name, not of Harriet Seabright, but Harriet Seybrecht : he thought nothing of this at the time ; but after he had taken leave of her mother, the thought came into his head that all was not right ; and this checked the answer that he was about to dispatch to Harriet in return for the note abovementioned.

Harriet hearing no more from her *brother*, became really an object of pity ; hopes had been inspired which her young heart had scarcely dared to trust to ; and when she had welcomed them, they told her, that they were never to be realized. The rose now entirely left her cheeks ; her appetite and spirits quite forsook her ; and she became the shadow of what once was reality ; while her sleeping and waking aspirations were all stimulated by the name of Petersham !

Charles Petersham was by no means a philosopher, nor did he desire to proportion his expence to his means ; and this was one of the many causes that made him forbear thinking seriously of Harriet. His fortune was not large ; and this, with the addition of his pay, only enabled him to keep up the *appearance* of the same style as his compeers. But, as if to befriend

Harriet, and to spur him on in his scheme of matrimonial speculation, fortune called at his house : he saw his sudden promotion in the Gazette ; and soon after an old weatherbeaten Aunt, to use his own expression, departed this life, leaving her disconsolate nephew the addition of four hundred pounds a year for his establishment ; and, instead of, as usual, thinking to augment his stud on an additional windfall, he thought this extra four hundred might serve for a *pinmoney* helpmate.

Now then was the time to think of matrimony ; he fancied he was not so very young ; and now then, repeated Conscience, is the time that Colonel Petersham might shew his sincerity, and marry Harriet ; but Prudence said No ; at least, she cried, let her remain for the present ignorant of your accession to fortune. It was now in his power, by selling his commission, to become, even according to his ideas, nearly independant ; but a thousand suggestions and plans bewildered his brain. What ! said Honour, sell your commission in time of war ? Never ; without doing this you might marry, and marry Harriet ; but stop, Petersham, said Avarice ; may you not now make proposals to a Duchess ? A good person, elegant address, with insinuating manners, (at least the women give you credit for all these,) all these surely deserve something in return ; and what will your fortune be with Harriet ? A mere *bagatelle* ! Children will come ; they must be maintained ; you will, after all, but barely exist ; instead of which, what might you not command ? To bask in honour and splendour through a wealthy marriage. You apply yourself to study ; you become a member of the lower house ; there what rewards will attend you. Your talents will become necessary to the minister ; and your plebeian blood is enriched by a peerage.

But now he examines the other side of the picture. He marries some demirep of quality ; and finds too late

he is bubbled : his person is sacrificed ; he is surrounded by ravenous creditors ; and is in debt ; some claims of honour his wife has already paid privately ; his coach-maker detains his barouche ; and his espoused joins with him to rob the public. It is true, he is protected by being an M. P. but when he speaks, no one hears him ; he gets into the opposition ; and, although he continually censures the ministers, they heed him not. His wife's creditors become clamorous ; she gives him her company but to dun him with exorbitant demands ; and ruination stares him in the face. Instead of this, he flies to Harriet ; she swears to love him for ever ; they marry, and live in obscurity.—In obscurity ! with a thousand a year!—He struck his head with his hand ; and, filling a bumper to the health of the little novice, threw himself in a hack for the theatre.

It was not long after these cogitations, that the long procrastinated letter reached Harriet. How easy those who love can forgive may be readily known when we inform our readers, that the letter from Harriet in return breathed nothing but kindness : this was followed by Petersham's visit to Harriet's mother ; to whom he at length declared himself, in form, the suitor of her daughter. Mrs. Seabright was all complacency ; talked of the honour he was doing her ; yet begged some time to deliberate on so important a subject as the everlasting happiness, or misery, of her dear child. Our heroine was now sent for from school ; and soon recovered her health and appearance, in what she conceived the completion of her wishes : she gave herself numberless airs on the occasion ; became at one time peevish, and at another so extremely girlish, that she frequently caused her lover to lose all patience. Petersham, from little else perhaps than novelty, seemed so firmly bent on matrimony, that he put up with all the caprices of Harriet's disposition ; flattering himself, that after marriage he should soon be able to alter this conduct : so certain

was he of effecting this, that he now smiled at her whims, and even amused himself with putting others into her head; when, at length, the following month was fixed for their nuptials. Petersham felt like a man whose favourite plans were about to be realized; it wanted but a week of the time when he was to commence Benedict; when calling one morning at the *orderly* room, he found a letter from a relation on whom he had much dependance, informing him that he must immediately proceed to Bath, as a dangerous illness had seized him; and that he wished to see Petersham without delay. Again then, he found his happiness was destroyed: with tears in her eyes, Harriet saw him depart; and our little novice was once more reduced to comparative misery.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

Olympias suspected that her husband, Philip of Macedon, withdrew his attachment to her in favour of a Thessalian lady. In conformity to the general opinion concerning the people of Thessaly, the Queen suspected that her rival had used magic arts to seduce the affections of Philip. Stimulated by the desire of revenge, and abhorrence of the frail Thessalian's frauds, she rushed into her presence. On the first sight of the beauty of complexion, and symmetry of features and limbs of her rival, the Queen exclaimed, "I see, lady, and forgive your sorcery; it consists in your charms alone. To look upon you is the same thing as to love you." The Queen, proud and vindictive as she was, could not accuse the lady of any crime; and exhibited in herself a rare instance of beauty disarming jealousy.

EDWARD AND PAULINA;

A GERMAN TALE.

(Continued from page 222.)

IT is difficult to conceive what I suffered from the recital of Ricaud. The divine creature, upon whom depended the fate of my life, had been forcibly carried away! and in a state which threatened her existence!

Ricaud noticed the contradiction between the answer of the surgeon and the attendant; *he* pretended to have bled the Marchioness, while *she* declared, that Paulina had been attacked with an hemorrhage. "All," added he, "contributes to increase my suspicions. The Marchioness is a most dangerous woman; a dreadful woman. If you knew her,—if you could form an idea of the depravity of her manners, or the violence of her temper, Oh! how much would you fear, that the unfortunate and innocent Paulina should be sacrificed a victim to this fury."

These last words deprived me of reason, and my heart was seized with all the torments of hell. Terrified at the transports of my rage, the good Ricaud vainly tried to pacify my feelings: in leaving me, he assured me, he would use every means to discover what was become of this dear object, in whom he felt an equal interest with myself.

I confided my horrible situation to my faithful William and the intelligent La Fleche, my French servant: they immediately departed on the mission of my enquiry. After an absence of three days, Ricaud informed me, that the Marchioness and her two attendants were returned, but that he could not learn what was become of Paulina. This intelligence reduced me again to a state of delirium. Tormented that my emissaries could not make any discovery, I resolved to procure information

for myself ; without which, existence was no longer endurable. The first plan, suggested by passion, was adopted.

I waited upon the Marchioness an hour before the time that company usually assembled. I was announced, and conducted to her *boudoir*. She was at her harpsichord ; serenity, which ought to be attendant only on a good conscience, was expressed in her countenance. With difficulty, I dissembled my feelings. In this place, Ricaud had heard the plaintive voice of distress ; and it was here, without doubt, that a crime had been committed.

I felt how much it concerned my happiness to find out in what manner my well beloved was disposed of, before I sought revenge ; and this suppressed my passion.

The Marchioness was more affable than usual, and requested me to sit by her upon the sopha. This was beyond my hopes. I suddenly changed my deportment ; and addressed her in a more imposing tone. " Madam, I have a question of the highest importance to ask ; you must instantly answer me ; and without subterfuge. You are, doubtless, little disposed to be sincere ; but this will prove to you, that you must be so." And I held a pistol to her breast ;—she trembled and attempted to call for help. " If you stir, Madam," said I, " you are dead." I rose, and shut the door, keeping my eyes fixed upon her, and threatening her with my pistol. I thought I observed, that she inclined her head, and drew her figure near to a *basso-relievo*, which commanded the whole circuit of the apartment ; but did not suspect, that she would thus find means to communicate with the outside. I was taking my seat near the Marchioness, when I heard a confused noise, and soon after the clamours of persons demanding admittance. I had sufficient presence of mind to reflect, that I should be lost, if I did not spread a panic fear among the assailants. After opposing their efforts, I returned to the Marchioness. " Infamous murderer of

my Paulina!" cried I, "do not hope to make me thy victim also!" And fired my pistol;—she screamed, and fell extended upon the floor. At this instant, the door was burst open; and I was surrounded by all her servants. I rushed through them with my pointed pistol; reached the staircase, the street, and soon my hotel.

Agreeable to my instructions, a post-chaise was in readiness; we departed; and before the domestics of the Marchioness could recover from their confusion, we were at a great distance from Versailles. I travelled night and day with great rapidity; I arrived at Calais at the time of the packet's sailing; embarked immediately, and in three hours was at Dover, screened from all pursuit.

The thirst for revenge, and the pleasure of gratifying it, had for some time checked the sorrow occasioned by the loss of Paulina; but I had scarcely arrived in London, ere the sense of my misfortune revived, and deprived me of reason. Fifteen days, it was uncertain whether I should live, or die; and my youth and vigour rather than the aid of medicine, restored me to health, though not to repose. To the fury of my first despair succeeded a sad and profound melancholy. I took a firm resolution to bury in solitude the remainder of an existence which I wished to consecrate to the remembrance of my love and my misfortune. I purchased a small house in the most retired part of London. I had two rooms hung with black; the windows stopt up; and lighted only by sepulchral lamps. From a striking Likeness, I employed a skilful artist to make a Bust of my Paulina in alabaster; I placed it upon a black marble altar; a medallion presented a rose with a broken stem; and under were written these words—

" SHE FELL BY A MURDEROUS HAND;
I LANGUISH HERE FOR A TIME,
BUT SHALL SOON FOLLOW HER
TO ANOTHER, AND A BETTER WORLD."

I dismissed all my servants, except William, who alone accompanied me to my retreat. I made a vow to preserve eternal silence; and did not permit my domestic to speak to me. My employment was confined to reading and re-reading incessantly the letters in which Paulina had depicted her love for me, when hope smiled upon our wishes. The comparison of these enchanting days with my actual situation spread over my soul a gloomy sorrow, which I delighted to entertain.

This continual state of suffering reduced my strength, and exhausted my spirits; I fell into a state of dejection and languor which approached to a total apathy. Whole hours did I remain with my eyes fixed upon the earth, or upon the Bust of Paulina; not a tear, nor a sigh, nor a motion, to indicate the least sensation. Such was the stupefaction to which I seemed for ever consigned, when a violent agitation restored me to animation and feeling.

One evening, while I was, as usual, plunged in a sad stupor, I fell into a slumber, and dreamt, that my door, which was always fastened within, suddenly opened; and the form of a female appeared: her figure was tall, and her carriage noble and graceful: she was dressed in a long white robe; and a large veil covered her face. She advanced towards me with the lightness of an aerial spirit; stopt at the third step; and, in a voice which seemed supernatural, said—

“ Recognise in this shade, O Edward! thy faithful Paulina: she is still living in the world; but her spirit alone appears to thy sight; her body languishes in captivity. Heaven, in pity to our sorrows, permits me to see thee, and that thou shouldst hear me.”

“ Paulina! my Paulina!” exclaimed I; and was going to throw myself into her arms.

“ Stop!” said the shade, “ stop! take care not to touch me; my spirit could no longer reanimate my body. In the name of our immortal love, I come to

request thee to rid thyself of the languor which benumbs thy faculties; and to come, and break my chains. An invincible power prevents me from discovering the place of my captivity; but love will guide thy steps; and reunite us for ever! My hour is come. Adieu!" She then waved her hand, in token not to follow her; and slowly retired. The door immediately closed, and I heard no more.

I awoke from my trance, which made so strong an impression upon me, that I could not persuade myself but that the vision was something more than a dream. "She lives! Paulina still lives!" I exclaimed, as soon as I had recovered from my extreme surprise. I left my room, and ordered William to prepare for France: his joy was visible; and, in an instant, every thing was ready. I threw myself into my carriage; the motion lulled me into a profound sleep; which I had long been deprived of, and I did not awake, till we arrived at Dover.

A totally new life now burst upon me. All that I had experienced for a year appeared no more than a dream; and, at certain times, I was even tempted to regard the apparition of Paulina as the illusion of my strong affections. Nevertheless, when tranquillity was restored to my mind, my thoughts were solely employed about searching for, and delivering my Paulina. I crossed the sea, and landed, without interruption, at Calais: I there heard, for the first time, of the violent commotion which had been manifested in every part of France. I observed the effects upon my journey, and arrived at Paris at the time the revolution was breaking out.

The next day, I ordered William to go, disguised, to Versailles; and to enquire what had passed at the Marchioness's in my absence: he soon returned, and related, to my great astonishment, that this cruel enemy to my happiness had not died from my pistol-shot, and that they were even ignorant whether she had been

wounded. Not satisfied with this information, I sent him again to Versailles ; where he had the happiness of meeting Ricaud, who learnt him, that the Marchioness had been slightly grazed by the ball, and had expressly forbidden all her domestics from divulging this event. As to my Paulina, he had never heard of her; nor ever been able to procure the least *éclaircissement* concerning her fate. Having vainly exhausted every means of discovering this too interesting victim, I resolved, in despair, to endeavour still to reach the Marchioness, to draw from her this fatal secret. I had entered my carriage, with the intention of travelling round the environs of Paris; and of reflecting, at leisure, upon the execution of this new plan. At the entrance of Saint Antoine, I perceived a tumultuous assembly of armed men; and women, who were exciting them by their cries. I enquired the cause of this commotion, and was answered, that the Bastille was attacked. Some persons would have opposed my passing; but my servant informed them, I was an Englishman. At this name, I was overwhelmed with salutations and compliments. The crowd who surrounded me cried out "The English are Enemies to the Bastille; and Friends of rational Freedom;" and suffered me to do whatever I chose.

Curiosity, and an attraction I cannot account for, induced me to go to the Bastille. At the instant of my arrival, it was in the power of the people. Dragged by the multitude, I soon found myself in the midst of the courts. A prisoner had just been delivered; his appearance was like a ray of light to me. I related my story; and implored the assistance of those who were near me.

A grenadier, who appeared to take an interest in my tale, called out, Let them lead this man to me. I asked him, if a young lady, named Paulina, was imprisoned in the Bastille. The wretched man, trembling, answered me, that he had never heard such a name. I hastily described

her person; he recollect ed it. I demanded him, at the hazard of his life, to make known the place in which she was confined; he conducted us into one of the towers; and pointed to a door fortified with iron:—in an instant, it was broken open; I rushed forward; and Paulina was encircled in my arms!

After having yielded to the intoxication of my first transports,—after having a thousand times pressed her to my heart, I expressed, in impassioned language, how highly I was gratified in beholding her! She evinced the most lively gratitude; her eyes were fixed upon me; but she answered not. I asked her a hundred questions; and begged her to assure me of her constancy. She looked at me, sighed, but said not a word. I at first thought that the rigour of her imprisonment had alienated her mind. The unfortunate creature perceived my grief, and penetrated the cause: she pointed to her mouth, which she opened at the same time. Just heaven! what did I behold! that her tongue—had been cut! I fell lifeless and motionless at her feet.

When I recovered I found myself in the arms of Paulina. William took care to conduct us back to my hotel. My charming friend appeared to be occupied only with me, and the pleasure of seeing me snatched from the frightful state in which I had been plunged by the horrible sight of her misfortune. My tears now began to flow; and Paulina, after having considered me an instant, took her pocket book, and wrote the following words—

“ Your Paulina has the same affection for you that she has ever had; but can you, Edward, retain a regard for an unfortunate being, deprived of the organ which enabled her to give expression to her tenderness? This cruel doubt embitters her existence.” I imprinted a thousand kisses upon the hand which presented these lines; and the joy which shone in her eyes convinced me how sensible of them was her heart. Her health had suffered from her long and painful imprisonment; and I determined

not to take the road for England till it should be perfectly reestablished: in my native country, all our misfortunes were to be terminated; and, in the midst of my friends, the compact of our eternal union was to be formed. To satisfy my too just curiosity, I prayed Paulina to make known to me the details of all that she had suffered since our separation; and, in a few days, she gave me a manuscript which contained her life.

(*To be continued.*)



EMPEROR SIGISMOND.

This Prince, having granted the title of nobleman to a learned doctor, he observed the man at court taking his place among the nobles, and not, as formerly, among the professors.—“What a simpleton he is!” observed the Emperor: “I can make a thousand gentlemen every day of my life; but I cannot make one learned man.”

Some noblemen of Hungary entered the palace of Sigismond, with an intention of assassinating the Prince, or taking him prisoner. The Emperor, on seeing them advance, exclaimed, “Is any bold enough to lay his hands on me? What have I done to deserve death? Let any man come forward, if you intend slaughter, and I'll engage with him.” The intrepidity of his voice, and the courage manifested in the challenge, caused the conspirators to retire in confusion.

A gentleman, in the presence of the Emperor, spoke very disrespectfully of the characters and offices of magistrates; at the same time expatiated very amply on the merit of military men, to the disadvantage of the former. “Blockhead,” replied Sigismond, “hold your peace. If all governors behaved as they should do, the world would have no occasion for men of the sword.”

AGNES ADDISON;
A SIMPLE TALE;
BY ORA.

Agnes Addison was in the bloom of youth and beauty, the darling and only child of doating parents : she was the gentlest of human beings, mild, and amiable ; and they had polished her natural graces by an excellent education. Her father was a respectable merchant in London, supposed to be in a good way; but his death, which took place before Agnes had attained her eighteenth summer, discovered his affairs to be in great confusion ; his creditors seized on every thing, and his wife and child were reduced almost to poverty. Mrs. Addison and her daughter put their trust in Providence, and God never forsakes the innocent. On the wreck of their late affluence, they opened a small millinery shop ; and, by the utmost industry, and most rigid economy, were enabled to live genteelly, without the severe mortification to an independent mind of having to apply for assistance to their proud and unfeeling relations.

It was about this time that Mrs. Addison became acquainted with a young man of a most prepossessing appearance, at the house of a friend ; he was a native of the remote islands of Zetland, and of poor but honest parents ; he had received little education, further than learning to read by an old woman, and writing and book-keeping from a country school-master ; but the seeds of piety and virtue had been early implanted in his mind by his worthy parents, where they met with a congenial soil, and flourished luxuriantly ! He entered into the navy as a common sailor, at a very early age, and became, by his uncommon merit, a great favourite with his Captain, who was a man of an exalted character ; and, by his interest, was

advanced step by step until he attained the rank of lieutenant: his understanding was naturally good, and he neglected no opportunity of improvement. When Mrs. Addison first saw him, he had in every respect the appearance of a polished gentleman.

At the house of the same friend, he saw Agnes, and loved her. He made her amiable mother the confidant of his passion; and she, who already loved him as a son, saw no obstacle to their union—but want of fortune! This she represented to him in the strongest light, and urged the imprudence of such a match, on both sides, in their present circumstances. “ My dear madam,” said he, “ you have given me reason to suppose that your beloved daughter is not insensible to my passion; but, my dear Mrs. Addison, forgive my presumption; I know, I feel, how unworthy I am of such happiness!—I forget, in the violence of my love, the wide difference there is between us! Your goodness, your too great condescension, has ruined me;—but I will tear myself away! I will endeavour to forget! Oh! no;—I never can forget!—but, were I master of the riches of Peru, my only ambition would be to lay them at the feet of Agnes Addison!”

“ Generous young man! you mistake me, indeed you do. I know no one, Mr. Henry, in the world, on whom I could so willingly bestow her as yourself; and if I once saw you happily settled, my every wish would be gratified, and I should lay down my head in peace, when it was the will of the Almighty to call me from the society of my beloved children!”

The delighted Mr. Henry snatched Mrs. Addison’s hand, which he pressed fervently to his lips! and as love sometimes inspires its votaries with eloquence, he pleaded so powerfully, and represented in so strong a light the forlorn and unprotected state of Agnes, should any thing happen to herself, that at last she consented to talk to her daughter on the subject; and, if she found her not averse to an

immediate union, to raise no more objection to it. Agnes loyed with too much tenderness and truth, to give unnecessary anguish to a heart entirely her own ; she gave her hand to the enraptured Malcolm Henry ; and, for a few short fleeting weeks, they blessed, and, blessing, enjoyed in each other's society an earthly Paradise ; but, as Johnson remarks, " human happiness has always its abatements ; the brightest sun-shine of success is not without a cloud." Mr. Henry was appointed to another ship (the last he was in having been paid off) ; and this circumstance, though in reality fortunate for him who had no other means of supporting her, dearer to him than life, he looked on as the greatest calamity, as it forced him to tear himself from all he valued on earth. Two long tedious years elapsed before again old " Father Thames" bore on his crowded bosom the husband of Agnes ; at length he returned, and once more strained to his fond bosom his lovely and faithful wife, now rendered doubly dear by the little prattling image of himself, which she gave to his arms.

For many years, this charming and worthy family enjoyed happiness as pure and uninterrupted as it is possible to enjoy in this land of trial. Mr. Henry's absences were short ; he had been promoted to the rank of Captain, while his character was distinguished by every virtue, both in private and public life, that can adorn the man, or exalt the hero. He had amassed a considerable sum of prize money, which he lodged in secure hands for the use of his wife. His son, young Malcolm Henry, who soon promised to be every thing his paternal heart could wish, he was resolved should, at the early age of fifteen, share his dangers, and he hoped his renown.

Agnes and her mother looked forward with terror to the day which was to deprive them of their darling. To form his infant mind to honour and virtue had been the delight, the solace of both, and their greatest consolation in the absence of his almost idolized father. At length,

the dreaded period arrived, when Malcolm Henry completed his fifteenth year; his father soon after found means to stay with them for a short time before he tore their boy from their maternal bosoms.

He learned, with the deepest anxiety, that the health of his respected mother, Mrs. Addison, was evidently declining; and fearful lest the confined air of the town, and her still too close attention to business (for she obstinately refused giving up her little shop), were injurious to her, he took a beautiful little cottage, delightfully situated, not far from London; where he saw them comfortably settled, and spent a few short happy days with them. He then, with an agonized heart, tore himself and his child from the arms of the distracted Agnes, and her no less aggrieved, but more resigned mother! The tortured bosom of Agnes throbbed with mortal anguish; she had become accustomed to the absence of her husband; a calamity we are long in the habit of contemplating loses half its poignancy; but to part with her only child overcame her fortitude, as he had become a part of her very existence; her delicate frame sunk beneath the conflict, and she was confined for some time to her bed, dangerously ill, and only recovered to endure sorrows worse than death, alas! than a thousand deaths, in the loss of all she loved.

The feeble frame of the infirm Mrs. Addison sunk under the fatigue and anxiety she suffered during her daughter's illness; she was carried to her bed as soon as Agnes was able to quit her's, from which she was soon after conveyed to that place "Where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling." Poor Agnes remained in a state of uncomplaining passive sorrow, only enduring life in the hope of soon being united to her husband and son.—Alas! poor unfortunate! she was doomed no more to behold them; the merciless ocean had swallowed them up in its dark abysses; she was no longer a daughter, a wife, a mother! These endearing names were lost to her for ever; the dreadful tidings fell like a thunderbolt upon

her brain ; her reason fled, and a night of gloomy horror settled on her soul.

The genial breath of spring, which revives all drooping Nature, shed its benign influence even on the widowed heart of Agnes ; she recovered to health and reason ; alas ! not to happiness ; but though she recovered her reason, it was long before she regained that equanimity of temper, and gentle, yet resolute steadiness, which had formed a prominent feature in her character. She looked with disgust on every thing which surrounded her ; and felt as if anxious to escape from the scenes of her former happiness ; as if she expected, in another place, to meet with the phantom which had vanished from her sight. She at last resolved on bidding them adieu for ever ; and retiring to that distant and solitary island where her beloved Malcolm Henry had first seen the light of heaven.

There were very few, either in London, or near the cottage, with whom she had the slightest acquaintance ; she therefore could feel little regret at leaving a place that had no tie on her affections ; she withdrew the money from the hands of the person with whom it was lodged, and vested it, on proper security, with a gentleman who had some dealings in Zetland. This she did by the advice of the man to whom the cottage belonged, and he was the only person acquainted with her intended route.

Her little affairs were soon settled ; and, attended only by a girl, who had been a poor friendless orphan, brought up by Mrs. Addison, she left the elegant little retirement in which Captain Henry six months before left her ; nor did she weep, but on bidding adieu to her mother's grave !—She rested her burning forehead on the cold stone that covered all that remained on earth of what was once beauty, grace, and virtue. “ I am going, my mother,” sobbed she, “ I am going to meet my Malcolm, your Malcolm, both our Malcolms !—From the green billows that cover his cold, cold grave, he beckons his Agnes, and she flies to meet him ! ” She continued for some time weep-

ing, and then, rising, threw herself into the arms of Nancy, who stood sobbing beside her.

The worthy old man to whom the cottage belonged, which she had just left, had advised her to go to Orkney by one of the Hudson Bay merchantmen, as he supposed she would easily procure a passage from thence to Zetland ; he also recommended a ship to her, because the Captain was a relative of his own, and because a young lady and her brother from Orkney were going by the same conveyance.

They had a pleasant and speedy passage. She went on shore with Miss Thomson and her brother, and found much better accommodation than she expected at the small village of Stromness.

Here they all remained for a few days, but soon began to feel the utmost regret at the idea of separating. The young lady and her brother were under the necessity of going to one of the smaller islands, where they were entirely under the controul of a tyrannical relation ; the gentle Sibelia had for several years been at a boarding-school in England, and her brother had gone there on purpose to bring her home. Their uncle, with whom they resided, and on whom they were entirely dependant, young Thomson seemed to be much attached to ; but Sibelia did not seem much to venerate his character, and even accused her brother of meanness, in submitting to his tyranny. " You have no idea, my dear Mrs. Henry, what a narrow-minded creature he is," said she ; " and he has bewitched my brother Gilbert there too ; for he was once the dearest, kindest of brothers ; but now he does nothing but scold me for what he calls speaking disrespectfully of my uncle, Mr. Mandeville."

" For shame, Miss Thomson," said her brother, angrily, " indeed your uncle does not deserve this from you. Allow me to tell you, that you lie under obligations to him you can never repay." Here bowing to Agnes, he left the room.

"I fear, indeed, I shall never be able to repay him as he deserves! but, then, my brother is off again in a passion.—Heigh, ho! I see plainly what I have to expect.—Oh! Mrs. Henry, I wish I was going to Zetland with you."

"Indeed, my dear Miss Thomson, were it possible for you to do so, you would soon repent your choice; you would find me a dull unsocial being, wedded to my sorrows, and dead to every sense of pleasure."

"But would you really love me, Mrs. Henry?—Ah! you know not what so powerfully attracts me to you. Young as I am, I have had my sorrows. You are lamenting the loss of a beloved husband; my uncle's cruelty has deprived me of the best, the tenderest of lovers! Although my loss will be considered trifling, when compared with yours, I am but too well enabled to sympathize with you. I appear to the unthinking part of the world a young, giddy, and perhaps unfeeling creature; but, alas! my sleepless nights, and the tears I shed in secret, attest how dear to my heart the idea of Edward Hamilton must ever be."

"And who, my dear Miss Thomson, was this Edward Hamilton?" said Agnes, "mingling her tears with her's; "he must have been worthy, since beloved by you."

"Like your Henry, my dear madam, he was a son of the ocean; like him, too, he was gifted with every grace of mind and person; he was, indeed, worthy of the love of a princess, and yet my uncle denied that he was worthy of mine.

"The island which we inhabit, and most of which belongs to my uncle, is among the wildest and most northern of the Orkneys: to this place we were brought at a very early age, and I hardly ever left it for a day, until I went to England, about three years ago. Both myself and my brother were born in Kirkwall, where my parents lived in great splendour for some time after their marriage; and, as my uncle will have it, extravagance; but their circumstances becoming embarrassed, they retired to this island

where my mother fell into a deep decline, that carried her to the grave ; and my father soon followed her with a broken heart.

We were thus left entirely dependant on our maternal uncle, who is a man of the strangest, and not most amiable character ; in his youth he was said to be quite a prodigal, but I am sure he is the very reverse now ; his only delight is in hoarding up riches he has not the heart to enjoy. You will, perhaps, think it ungrateful of me to speak thus of the man who is, at least, hoarding up his treasure for us, who are his only relatives ; but, indeed, I have suffered too much from him ever to speak of him with patience.

I was not seven years old when my mother died ; I recollect her like some distant and indistinct dream of an Angel ; an Angel, every body who knew her, says she was in every respect. I have sometimes been told that I am pretty ; but my pride has been as often humbled by the simple natives declaring that I was as inferior to her as the smallest star is to the queen of night in her full glory. I lost her at a time most fatal to me, but when I could not feel the weight of the calamity.

My uncle, though kind to us on the whole, allowed me to run wild among the rocks, and moss-covered hills of our island, with no other instructions than what our old housekeeper could give me ; and I might still have been the same untaught rustic thing I was then, had not my guardian angel brought Edward to our solitary habitation.

The dangerous coast of the Orkneys has often been the cause of destruction to the adventurous mariner ; often, even in my remembrance, have the gallant wanderers found a grave beneath the billows that encircle our isle ; oft have I heard the noise of the storm increased by the cries of the drowning ; and more than once has my sense been shocked, and my sickening soul been appalled, by the appearance of the bloated and mangled corpse floating on the waves.

(To be continued.)

The Victim of Despair.

Continued from page 215.

" I am the only daughter of Baron——— ; whose ancestors served the House of Austria a long time ; and whose father, when the state was in danger, advanced nearly all his immense fortune : his son could never obtain from the crown the slightest reimbursement. He married a very amiable, but poor young lady, who died in giving birth to me. My father survived this loss till I was sixteen years of age. He left me a small estate, which I sold for five thousand pounds, and took refuge at an aunt's, who dwelt in a neighbouring town. She soon advised me to think of matrimony ; but I had not yet placed my affections ; and the dictates of my heart were, that love alone could give me happiness. My aunt, after some deliberation, proposed the nephew of her deceased husband ; who was accordingly introduced to me : his figure was majestic ; he had distinguished talents, heightened by a modesty still more rare ; his manners were elegant, without being affected ; and his habits of life extremely temperate ; but he was without fortune, and could not obtain employment for want of the requisite security. This accounted for my aunt's eagerness to induce me to marry him ; my fortune was to remove this obstacle. I discovered by mere chance what no one would confess ; and, from this moment, the love I had conceived for him, was stifled by the contempt which I felt for such stratagem. In vain the young man protested that interest had nothing to do with the ardour of his passion ; I formally discarded him ; and my aunt was unable to triumph over the firmness of my resolution.

"Three months after, I was taking the air in a garden which fronted the river;—on the opposite side of the stream was another small garden, inclosed by a wall; at the foot of which, an infant was amusing itself in a boat, by throwing a stick into the water at one end, and running to the other to recover it. I was reflecting upon the danger of the little urchin; when I saw him lean down, fall into the river, and carried away by the current. I gave a piercing scream; a young man ran from this same garden, jumped into the boat, which he found chained, and from the boat into the water: he swam, and overtook the infant; some fishermen eagerly followed, and brought them both back to the bank on which I stood: they were senseless; and I soon recognized my late lover in the young man; he was conveyed to the house, and medical assistance soon procured. I passed an hour in the most cruel suspence and agitation; when I was informed, that he was recovering, and began to speak. I and my companions flew to his chamber; he fixed his eyes upon me; and seemed to invite me to approach him. As soon as I advanced, he seized my hand, and pressed it to his heart;—tears started from my eyes. "Ah! why did they not suffer my afflictions to have an end?" cried he. "I should have been happy in death, since you no longer love me." "Not love you?" I answered, "ah! ever! ever!" and, without perceiving it, tenderly squeezed his hand. I was extremely affected; the physician led me away; and my lover was next day completely restored to health. I thought I had forgotten, and hated him; but I adored him.

"The deep impressions of first love are not to be effaced; particularly in the heart of a tender and grateful girl. My aunt, delighted at this unexpected event, solemnly affianced us to each other. Assured now of being able to give the requisite security, he wrote to Court; but his friends advised him to solicit for himself; and he attended in person: his second letter informed me, that he had

not only been well received by his patrons, but that the monarch himself had given him an audience, and deigned to confer upon him the office of Intendant of the Forests of ——. I was feelingly alive to his success, when another letter arrived which empoisoned my pleasure. The wife of the late Intendant was a near relation of the minister; she had foreseen the death of her husband, who was much older than herself, and had secretly obtained from the minister the survivorship for a lover whom she expected to make her husband. Indeed, when he was presented to the minister, he was very ill received; his excellency exclaimed against the excessive goodness of the sovereign for a young man without experience; and pretended, that the place belonged, by right, to a subject distinguished for his services. I waited, with lively inquietude, the decision of this important affair. An entire month passed without hearing from Theodore. In despair, I acquainted him, that, if I did not hear from him in a week, he might expect to see me. The next post brought me a letter, which I must beg you to read; for I cannot look upon it, without shedding a torrent of tears." She presented me a letter, and I read—

" My friend ! my only friend ! into what an abyss am I fallen ! my simplicity has been the dupe of artifice. I am named Intendant of the Forests ; but I am also——. My hand refuses to write it—— I am also the husband of the widow of my predecessor. How have I been drawn into this odious compact ? Alas ! I know not ; but Heaven is my witness !—May the avenging thunderbolt of Heaven be hurled against me, if my heart beats for any other woman, but for thyself ! Never ! no ; never shalt thou be effaced from my remembrance."

" I will not attempt to describe my feelings ; you can better conceive them. When my reason returned, I resolved to retire to a convent ; where I contracted an intimacy with persons, who from age, and similarity

of misfortune, were soon attached to me. I could not be persuaded, that Theodore had not freely consented to this union; yet I experienced secret satisfaction in hearing of him from my aunt. She informed me, that his unworthy consort had perished from the frightful consequences of her licentiousness. I rejoiced, that Theodore had recovered his liberty; though I knew not what use he would make of it; and at this thought all my sadness revived.

"When the beautiful season of Spring returned, I used to walk in the alleys of poplars which formed the avenue to our convent. It afforded me consolation to reflect, that when the leaves which I saw growing should fall, I also should fall, and perish. In the midst of these reflections, a poor old man bowed to me, made signs, and pointed to a letter, which he concealed in his bosom. He drew near—"A handsome young man," said he, in a low voice, "requested me to deliver this letter; and promised me two ducats, if I carried back an answer to-morrow." I broke the seal, and discovered the writing of Theodore; my sight became dim; I put the paper into my pocket, and flew towards the house. I was arrested at the door by the old man; who, in overtaking me, was quite out of breath. I desired him to call the next day; and flew to my apartment. I hesitated a long time before I could open, or read the letter.

"Death," said he, "has broken my chains. I am free; but more unfortunate than ever, if she, for whom I have endured existence, has forgotten me. I have suffered cruelly, without deserving it. I entreat you to hear my justification, or this place shall be my tomb. In a word, I will meet you to-morrow in the grove of the garden in which I saw you yester-evening." My answer was made without reflection; the old man appeared next day at the door; I slipped my note into his hand; and, at the hour appointed, went privately

to a remote part of the grove. At sight of the pale and suffering looks of Theodore, all my resolutions of coldness and circumspection fled ; tears started from my eyes ; and I sunk into his arms. We were so much affected, that neither of us could speak ; the fear of interruption at length gave me power to interrogate him. I enquired, why he requested me not to discover his abode to any person, and to collect my fortune, and emigrate with him to a foreign country. This was all I could distinctly learn from the broken conversation that passed between us. I was called ; and, after appointing to meet me the next day, at the same hour, he immediately fled. I anxiously waited for this period ; when I ran to the garden ; and he gave me the following narration.

" I have informed you of the minister's coldness ; you may, therefore, conceive my astonishment at being invited to dine with him the next day ; and his receiving me with the most friendly attention. My surprise increased, when I saw only a few of the minister's intimate friends ; and he assured me, that he considered me one of the number. As we were placing ourselves at table, his excellency's cousin, widow of the Intendant of the Forests, entered, and took a seat beside me. I imagined this to be by chance. During the whole time, she addressed no one but myself ; fixed her attention entirely upon me ; and complimented me upon the advantageous situation my merit had procured so young a man.

" The wine circulated freely ; and, notwithstanding my usual abstinence, I was obliged to drink, till in a state of inebriety. I recollect, that I talked of love, and a thousand ridiculous things to the bewitching widow. The remainder of the evening was passed in pleasing jests and sports, which did but increase my intoxication ; supper completed this state ; and I found myself at home next day, without knowing how I came there. While I was meditating upon my late excess, two most gracious letters from the minister, and from his cousin,

invited me to pass another day as gay as the first. She called me her intended ; which I considered a mere jest. Soon after, it was signified, that the Emperor would give me an audience. The minister was leaving the cabinet of his Majesty, when I was introduced. " Ah! ah!" said the Prince, laughing, " you have already chosen a wife. I have commanded you to come, that I might testify my approbation of your choice. You will ally yourself to a minister whom I love ; and be assured of my protection under all circumstances. When are you to be married?" I could not find an answer. " I apprehend, you wish me to fix the day," added the monarch. " Well ; in eight days you shall be married in my presence at Hetzendorff. Go; and when you have a request to make, address yourself to no one, but to me." The Minister appeared again. The Emperor took leave of me, with these words—" No thanks ; but serve me well." The good Prince, like me, was deceived ; he mistook my extreme embarrassment for the diffidence of giving expression to my grateful feelings. I could not pronounce a word ; I bowed profoundly ; and left the cabinet.

" During the short interval passed at home, my rage and my resentment were inflamed at the infamous part I had been compelled to act towards you. I firmly resolved to renounce all the favours of the court, and to go and make a formal declaration to the Minister. As soon as I presented myself, a hundred persons, with whom his apartment was filled, immediately and eagerly pressed around me, to congratulate me upon a marriage with an object who was desired by all the youth of the court. The Minister did me the honour to embrace me, and call me his dear cousin ; but the rest of the day he carefully avoided allowing me to approach him. My odious intended did not appear at table ; the Minister announced, that she had a frightful megrim, but that I should be permitted to enter her apartment after the repast. I had determined not to drink ; but I felt myself so overpowered

with my situation that, to sustain myself, I accepted every glass that was presented to me. My spirits were soon elated to such a pitch that I myself pressed the Minister to fulfil his promise, and to conduct me to my charming intended. He sent me to her alone. I found her extended upon a canopy-bed, in a most seducing dishabille. My presence seemed to calm her uneasiness; she spoke a language so full of tenderness, that I thought myself obliged to address her in terms no less affectionate; she squeezed my hand; and I thought it would be un-galant not to embrace her. She acted her part so well, that we did not separate till we had sworn everlasting regard for each other.

" At length the day arrived which was to unite me for ever to a woman, not the object of my choice. Your portrait, which I did not part from, every instant recalled to remembrance my infidelity; but, in despite of myself, I yielded to the superior force which had subdued me. The Minister came, and took me with a brilliant equipage, and we flew to Hetzendorff. The Emperor himself deigned to assist at the ceremony; and permitted us to have an apartment at the castle. I was dazzled with the bustle and *éclat*; I imagined that my regret would be appeased; and that I should find repose again in the arms of my wife. A few days disclosed to me the kind of companion I had been united to; her looks betrayed, that she sought for lovers even among the men whom I was to regard as my friends. Treason and corruption surrounded me on every side. I resolved to conceal my mortification, and regard it as a just punishment for the infidelity I had been guilty of towards you.

" The Emperor, in taking leave of us, named me Director General of all his Imperial Domains, situated in Carinthia. I took my residence there; my wife, her lovers, and all my mortifications followed me.

(*To be continued.*)

REVIEW OF FEMALE LITERATURE.

LIBERALITY and PREJUDICE, a Tale, in 3 vols.
by Eliza A. Coxe. London, B. and R. Crosby and Co.
Price 18s. brds.

THE end of works of this description being to amuse the mind, affect the heart, and improve the understanding; the sentiments should be natural, the incidents probable, and the morality unexceptionable; with the skill to produce an impression so plausible, that the whole appears to be founded in fact.

However difficult these objects may be to attain, and blend together, Miss Coxe has certainly justified her pretensions.

To remove the influence of prejudice, and encourage liberality of sentiment towards our fellow beings, though an arduous undertaking, are extremely laudable; and when ingenuity, a good style, and well-drawn characters, are superadded, such a publication has strong claims to preference; and, there can be no doubt, will meet with encouragement.

To illustrate the subject, the principal characters are well chosen—

Mr. William Ellis, from the obscurity and mystery which envelopes his birth, is supposed to be the illegitimate offspring of Mr. William Brownly, a man of an enlarged mind, and most benevolent disposition, who has adopted, and introduced him as the son of his deceased friend; though in reality this gentleman, while he resided in Naples for the benefit of his health, returning home late one evening, found him in his bed, a lovely child, about twelve months old, reposing in the rosy slumber of innocence; and resolved to take him under his protection; and not expose him to want and suffering. By the

elegance and costliness of the apparel, he imagined, that the infant was the son of a person of property and consequence. On some of the things, F. E. the initials of his name, were marked; and round one of his little arms a small bag was tied, which on opening, besides some trifling articles of wearing apparel, was found to contain a locket, with the miniature of a gentleman whom he conjectured to be the father of the deserted infant. In the sequel, it appears, that he is the son of Mr. Elmore, who travelled to Naples on account of his wife's ill health; where they both died; she of disease, and he by the hands of an assassin.

"Bligh confessed that he had been induced by a considerable reward, to attend his master to Naples, and to endeavour to find out a fit person there to destroy the infant child of Mr. Elmore. He stated, that on their arrival in Naples, Mr. Hawke prevailed on him, by an additional donation, and promise of his protection, to proceed in this work of infamy and death. The principal female domestic who had attended Mr. and Mrs. Elmore to Italy, having died of a fever, the care of their infant son devolved on a young woman, named Mary Jones. This girl, allured by a handsome person and fine voice, had formed an intimate connexion with a young Italian of the most licentious principles. In this fellow, whose name was Ludovico Buonarotti, Bligh found a proper instrument to effect the murderous designs of his master. After repeated conferences on the subject, Ludovico agreed, for a reward of five hundred pounds, to assassinate the child. One obstacle now remained to the accomplishment of this dreadful purpose, as the horrid act could not be performed without the connivance of Mary Jones. Finding it impossible to remove her repugnance, or cause her even to wink at the commission of so foul a crime, the wily Italian insinuated to Bligh, that he thought he could prevail on his mistress to consent to the infant's being secretly conveyed away; and that in that case, by informing Mr.

Hawke that the child was destroyed, they might still secure the promised reward.

"With secret satisfaction he learnt from Ludovico, that he had overpowered the scruples of his mistress, and that the child was removed where he would never more trouble us, having left him in the house of an English gentleman of the name of Brownly."

Mr. Jennings, from peculiar misfortunes and circumstances, is a most prominent personage in the Tale.—It had been asserted, and credited, that Mr. J. after seducing the affections of his mother-in-law, and being discovered in an unguarded moment by his father, drew his sword; and, but for the interposition of a servant, would have buried it in his parent's breast! The circumstance of his living retired in a solitary wood, gave some colour to this report; but having heroically risked his life in protecting a stranger; and, disdaining any reward, exercised all the gentle offices of humanity, first induced a belief that he could not be such a monster; and finally recommended him to the friendship of two most respectable gentlemen, Mr. William Brownly and Mr. Frederick Elmore.

Mr. J. communicates the particulars of his life to Frederick in a written document, and convinces him, that he is the victim of deceptive appearances, and an ill-fated sufferer from the misconduct of others. These briefly are—

That his father had invariably treated him with such reserve and formality, and had so sternly repressed every endearing effort of filial affection, that the prospect of constantly residing with him on habits of such restraint, was so repugnant to his inclinations as to induce him to avoid, if possible, what he considered so irksome and disagreeable a situation; he therefore informed him, that anxious to lead an active life, he wished to enter the army. He endeavoured to dissuade him from his intention; but, as he was resolutely fixed on a military life, he purchased him a cornetcy of horse.

Mr. J. solicited his father to sanction his union with Miss Maria Lawley; but his father disapproved of early marriages; and, while concerting a plan for their private nuptials, he is ordered to join his regiment in Portugal. During eighteen months, he corresponded with his lovely mistress, and received her acknowledgement of a reciprocal regard. He is ordered to proceed to England with dispatches of a brilliant victory; and he hastened on the wings of love to the dear idol of his affections.—He says

“ I had gained the shrubbery, which extended nearly to the house, my mind feasting itself by anticipating the pleasure which my unexpected appearance would give my lovely mistress; when seated in an arbour, blushing with all the roseate sweetness of youth and beauty, I beheld Maria Lawley. With a heart dancing with joy, and every nerve braced to the tone of ecstacy, I rushed into her presence, pressed her to my heart, and almost over-powered her with my caresses.

“ While I strained her to my bosom, and while mixed with other demonstrations of fondness, I murmured “ my life, my love, my Maria,” my father and the gardener appeared in sight. frantic with rage at seeing his wife (for such she then was) locked in the embraces of a man, for as my face was turned from him, he could not discern my features, he exclaimed in a tone of madness and desperation, “ Draw villain, and defend yourself!” Roused by his appearance and menaces, I unsheathed my sword; but, at the sight of my father, my arm dropped nerveless. With a countenance distorted by anger, with eyes flashing fury, and teeth gnashing with rage, he desperately made a pass at me; but, as it was directed at random, I easily parried the thrust, and quickly disarmed him. “ Monster of wickedness,” he frantically cried, “ will nothing satisfy you but to debauch your father’s wife! This moment quit my presence.” Struck with horror at the sound, alarmed for the consequences that might ensue, if I still remained, as the servant had re-delivered the sword

to my father, which he still brandished in a threatening manner, I waited not for explanation, but instantaneously hurried from the fatal spot."

He goes on to state, that the particulars of his supposed infamy were universally diffused; and, as they had received no contradiction, were almost generally believed; in a letter to his father, he had protested his innocence, and denied all knowledge of his marriage; but to no purpose; and he resolved to bury himself, and, if possible, the intenseness of his misery, in the obscurity of a crowded metropolis. He considered, that, without any evidence to support his own solitary assertion of his innocence, and with so many witnesses of his supposed guilt, any appeal to the public, under such disadvantageous circumstances, would be useless; he therefore resolved to wait with fortitude for some favourable occurrence, which should convince his father of his error, and afford him an opportunity of vindicating his character.

At length that long expected period arrived; and a document, signed by his father and his mother-in-law, was transmitted him, exonerating him in the amplest manner from those atrocious imputations under which he had so long, and so unjustly laboured.—It appeared, that base artifices had been used to impress Miss Lawley that he had fallen in battle, and cruel stratagems and parental menaces were employed to induce her to marry his father.

"I forbear to dilate on the demerits of a parent; death has extinguished all animosity; and his grave will be watered by the tears of filial forgiveness. Every leading circumstance of my life has been unfolded to your view; and the task has been most distressing to my feelings. But this narration will not be without its use, if it be the means of learning you to deliberate with caution before you condemn; or if, when any tale of infamy meets your ear, it induce you to pause to examine the evidence, and scrutinize the facts, before you consign the victim of false appearances, or the devoted child of prejudice and calumny, to perpetual ignominy and unmerited disgrace."

The counterplot of the performance is unequal; but the amiable Mrs. Harvey and Miss Julia Brownly will be read with pleasure and advantage: the contracted notions of Mr. Brownly, attached, and subject to the wily stratagems of Mr. Hawke, who has raised, and supported himself by every species of villainy, are characters too common, and too well known, but add effect to the intention of the writer—that of removing Prejudice, and encouraging Liberality.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR MAY, 1814.

DRESS, of White Crape, or fine muslin, with demi train; the hair dressed *à la Grecque*; and fastened with gold combs, or amber ornaments; amber necklace, and armlets; Cashimire shawl, with a rich embroidered border.

Sitting Figure. Round dress, of white satin, with long lace sleeves; the hair dressed partly Roman, partly Grecian, and bound with a gold Tiara Opera scarf, of fine black lace, serving either for a veil, or shawl; gold chain round the neck, with armlets of the same.

We shall be able to give our readers a more accurate description of fashion the next month. At this early part of the season, fancy, as usual, reigns with almost unlimited sway; the most prevailing colours at present are Pale Blue, Lilac, and Primrose; which will, of course, give place to the Lily. White will be most prevalent in Satins and Sarsnet for Dresses, Spencers, and Demi Cloaks; the White Veil *à la religieuse*, is general; high Ostrich Feathers will form a part of the full Dress; and the Lilies, with Laurel Wreaths and Sprigs, will be much worn in straw; & satin head dresses.



London Fashions for May.

Published by I W H Payne May 1 1814.



Observations on Fashions and Dress.

YOUTH and beauty bask in the sunshine of health and pleasure, and leave unheeded the wings of time; it is thus that fashion becomes an arbitrary power; and her fascinating ornaments of the fair are certainly more alluring to the contemplation than the grey locks, scythe, and hour-glass, of the ulterior power, who stays for no one.

These observations, we, in a particular manner, devote to the service of the versatile deity; whose laws, however mutable, must never be despised; for it is owing to her continual changes, that the artist, the jeweller, and fire-women, find constant employment.

Since the close of Lent, which seemed to be, more than usual, this season devoted to *sables*, we find the votaries of the fickle power arrayed in all the paraphernalia of early spring; the colours, chiefly consisting of primrose, pearl, lilack, and fawn; primrose and slate colour satin spencers, with the Oldenburgh hat, of the same colour, adorned with lilies, form the prevalent costume for Hyde Park, and other fashionable promenades; lilack mantillas, trimmed with swansdown, or white satin pelerines, over rich coloured poplin dresses, are worn by those whose delicacy of constitution will not permit them to adopt, at present, a more summer attire. We have observed a few simple and elegant bonnets of the cottage kind, with lace fronts, and small satin crowns; these are chiefly white, and are peculiarly becoming to juvenile beauties; the more matronly adopt the Blucher cap, which is formed in front something like the Austrian turban; and over which a nun's veil is thrown, which, when cast off, the cap forms an elegant head-dress for a small dinner party.

The gowns worn in full dress are made very low in the back, and on the shoulders: the Stadholder sleeve

is yet very prevalent, and coloured sarsnets, or gossamer satins, with sleeves of fine white lace, continue to be worn at evening parties. White bobbin lace dresses, over Spring colours, are also, since the change of the weather, in great requisition.

Caps are again thrown off; though they were more prevalent last severe winter than we have known them some time; married ladies, however, notwithstanding they may be extremely young, affect to wear some covering on the head; either a veil, a bandeau, or light demi-turban: we think there is no ornament equal to a fine head of hair; which every lady, married or single, may be allowed to wear till five and thirty.

Since the arrival of the Duchess of Oldenburgh, feathers seem to take the lead in full dress; but few flowers are worn at present, except a simple *bouquet* of Primroses, or a Lily, in compliment to the House of Bourbon. Laurel Wreaths have been adopted by some of the higher classes, composed of Emeralds; but they will, no doubt, be soon laid aside, as merely local. The hair is dressed *à la Grecque*.

For the morning promenade, boots of a light texture, fringed with black or white, and made to lace up the sides, in colour corresponding with the dress, are most prevalent. Shoes of white, or coloured kid, with white bugle, or fancy rosettes, are the decided mode of the evening.

The Jewellery consists chiefly of variegated gems; the clear garnet, set transparent *a l' Antique*; topazes, and emethysts; pearls, since the mourning ceased, seem to be laid aside. The Rosary and Cross still continue in favour. Eye-glasses are on the decline.

Fans are rather increased in size since last month.

T H E
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

S O N N E T.

Sweet star of eve, that glimmering from afar,
Shed'st from thy sapphire throne a silvery light,
When sinks in twilight's arms day's orient car,
Thy beam appears the harbinger of night.
Oh! I have frequent mark'd thy twinkling ray,
Rising serenely 'mid the evening sky,
And lov'd, as plodding home my wary way,
To view thy radiance with enraptur'd eye,
And point to *her* who, wand'ring by my side,
In breathless pause, would shed the tear to thee
Of rapture wild; whilst with susceptive pride
I clasp'd the arm that fondly hung on me.
But tho' no more together we can rove,
Say, does *she* gaze on thee, and think of hours of love?

August, 1813.

J. M. B.

S O N N E T.

Oh! it is hard to rend affection's tie,
To snap the chords by tender love entwin'd,
To lull in peaceful calm the heaving sigh,
And bid tranquillity usurp the mind——
To look with dauntless, unappalled eye,
As destiny unfolds her lurid page,
Clouding with deepest shades life's vernal sky;
Gladdening no more our wild'ring pilgrimage.
To wander back 'mid early childhood's reign,
When hope sang sweetly to the artless mind,
To gaze on careless infancy again,
Nor cast one look of fond regret behind——
The icy arms of death alone can steep
The pang remembrance wakes, in never ending sleep.

J. M. B.

EMMA'S MY LOVE.

Though beauty dwells in ev'ry place,
 Though charms may lurk in many a face,
 My throbbing heart to prove;
 Yet beauty cannot bid me stray,
 Though far from Emma's home away;
 'Tis her alone I love.
 A strange-one's smile may look as kind,
 Her manners too may seem refin'd,
 Her eye may boast more fire;
 But give me Emma's softer gaze,
 So full of virtue's mildest rays,
 That kindle chaste desire.
 Then cease to spread each luring charm,
 A strange-one's smile shall work no harm,
 Nor lead my soul from duty;
 My heart is not my own to give,
 For stray it cannot while I live,
 From Emma, and from beauty.

J. M. L.

*S O N N E T**On Lord Byron's Poem of the Bride of Abydos.*

Long shall the Bride of Abydos remain,
 No feeble effort of th' exalted muse;
 Long shall it please, for he who wrought the strain,
 The choicest flowers of poetry could chuse.
 Whether revenge, pourtray'd in accents strong,
 Or brav'ry, shine in colours clear and bright,
 Or love sincere swell the heart-thrilling song,
 Each charms by turns, each furnishes delight.
 Zuleika's constancy, and Selim's soul,
 That dar'd her father's ruffian slaves engage,
 Presents a picture glowing through the whole,
 The best production of the present age.
 But genius nothing hides, wherever plac'd,
 Or in the humblest path, or with preferment grac'd.

M.

TRANSLATION

OF THE CELEBRATED SONNET OF M. DES BARREAU.

Great God! thy judgements all are good and wise,
Thou wouldest that man in happiness should live,
But my vast sin for vengeance loudly cries,
And justice, Lord, forbids thee to forgive.
Innumerable are my crimes, nor leave to thee
Ought but the choice of various forms of woe;
Thy laws immutable my death decree,
And e'en thy mercy says it must be so.
'Tis to thy glory; O! then have thy will,
Nor heed the tears that trickle from my eyes;
Now, thunder, strike, 'tis time, give ill for ill,
In dying I will say the deed is wise.
But where shall thy avenging thunder fall,
The shielding blood of Jesus covers all!

R. H. J.

THE SUICIDE.

OH! turn thine eyes yonder,—the Suicide dies,
Who has dar'd to cut off his life's scanty span;
'Gainst himself he has rais'd the fierce lightning of heav'n,
And rejected that breath his Creator had given.
When the chords of the heart are at once rent asunder,
Those chords which entwin'd in the breast of a wife,
A friend, or a child,—may God in his mercy
Attach *them* to him, the remainder of life.
For then the lone world a wide desert appears;
Our eyes dim with weeping no object perceive
To kindle affection, or wake soft emotion;
There still is Religion our woes to relieve.
To her tell thy sorrows, rest on thy sad tale;
Repeat it again e'en till memory fails;
Then hear her sweet dictates—in *him* place your trust
Who only can soften the wretch's sad wails!
Oh ye! thus bereaved, one moment reflecting,
That God is your Father, he chastens in love,
Receive with submission his blessings, tho' wounding,
Nor impiously thwart the great Being above!

March 20th, 1814.

ARIETTE.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

SWEET scented flower! who'rt wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wint'ry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow,
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be, and long,
The melody of death.

Come, fun'r al flower! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corpse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell;
Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly Alder tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

And, hark! the Wind-God, as he flies,
Mourns hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flow'r ! that requiem wild is mine,*
It warns me to the lowly shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead ;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where as I lie by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

* The reader will regret to hear that the melancholy presentiment of approaching fate was realized in the death of the author, before he was twenty-one years of age.

THE CATHEDRAL; A POEM;

BY H. FINN.

Continued from p. 209.

How loud and long the martial minstrel tun'd
His strings to theme of honour and renown,
Yon trophies, emblems of destruction's art,
Adornments kin to death, and aptly placed,
Decking the HERO's tomb, the tale narrates.
His nation's annals bear his name in gold ;
Her foes have oft inscrib'd it with their blood ;
And all pronounce it who discourse of war.
Do flagging spirits lack hot valour's speed
To madly rush on danger and on death ?
That name pronounc'd calls back the fading blood,
And his great daring Inspiration gives.
Tho' that fam'd name shall fire the youth
As yet unwak'd to breathe the vital air,
The future hero of posterity,
When e'en the vestige of one sandy grain
Thy local cold abode shall lack, to tell
Where moulder'd his great archetype in arms ;
Tho' echo, with her thousand tongues, should speak
In regions thrice that number ; tho' fame's breath
Mingle in travel with the arctic blast,
To thunder forth thy praises to its pole,
Or blend with scented zephyr creeping through
The east voluptuous, freighted with thy deeds,
Thy cell is silence ! and thy bones are dust !
Is deaf, is death, to the loud voice of fame.
Fame ! 'tis enwombed mature, perfect in birth,
And spreads her phoenix pinion o'er the grave ;
Born from man's death, beginning at his stop.
No leafy circlet of green laurel twines
Around thy temples with the gorging worm,

Still son of war; amid the battle's heat
Thine iron nerve no more shall rear the steel,
Penning the red record of mad exploits
On the stain'd folio of insatiate Mars.
May not my muse in her new wing confide,
All trembling and unfledged, to wind along
The fancied stream of future, unknown time,
And stretching to its stop, in whispers there,
Sing sadly true, Ambition's wildest dirge?
Supernal vigour aids each feather'd limb,
She soars to gain conjecture's faithless verge,
(Our only certainty of bliss, our hope,
We shall be blest hereafter by our deeds)
And hovers o'er the confines of that hour,
When time, lock'd in the lasting pressure
Of extinction, erect his hoary head,
And mount the pile he rear'd; immolated
In the final pyre, his ascending flames
Shall light the birth of young *eternity*!
And, hark! thro' chaos, orbless as at first,
Ere space was burthen'd with unnumber'd worlds,
The voice of GOD peals his dread citation;
Scatters the blazing mass of broken order,
And calls on him, who here the despot play'd;
By rashness, policy, and rapine rais'd,
The mimic majesty of stolen realms.
The widow's wailing seem'd his lay select,
The orphan's tears o'erbrim'd his unblest cup,
The father's gore form'd his unhallow'd bath,
And by a nation's death alone he lived! *

(To be continued.)

* Although some years have passed since the above lines were originally written; and Bonaparte was recognized as the probable successor, by right of conquest, to almost universal empire; yet the author conceives they are more applicable now, as it is evident no reverse of fortune can create the least tendency towards a reform in morals; violations in a continued series of every virtuous principle have marked his subsequent actions, and the Moralist acknowledges NO GREATNESS where GOODNESS IS NOT.

BEAUTY.

In summer, the Lily unfolds its leaves gaily,
And lends its soft essence to perfume the glade;
But winter descends from the hill to the valley,
And blasts the sweet flow'r to the pale wither'd blade.
So lovely in youth is the dawning of beauty,
When blushes and smiles the young features display;
But Time's wintry touch blasts the fairest productions,
And beauty must yield to corroding decay.
Then Oh, lovely women! the pride of dame Nature,
Let not gaudy trappings be all your desire;
Dress tasteful and modest, nor lounge at the mirror,
The Lily looks lovely in simple attire.
Seek not with vain fashion to win our affection,
Your graceful demeanour ensnares us with ease;
And mental endowments will shine in perfection
When personal beauties no longer can please.

East Lothian, 1811.

J. M.

**LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY
ON HEARING HER COMPLAIN OF WANT OF
FORTUNE.**

FORBEAR, sweet maid, nor let thy heart repine,
Nor e'er arraign a Providence divine.
What tho' thy simple fortune has denied
Aught that might pamper sense, or flatter pride;
Yet nature, lib'ral nature, proves more kind,
Gives thee a lovely form, a soul refin'd!
Her's the bright tint that glows upon thy cheek;
Her's the fine mould that form'd thy soul so meek.
She made thy heart with hearts of angels vie,
And gave that lustre to thy modest eye!
Yet beauty boasts the conquest of an hour,
Time blends all ranks, unnerves the arm of power.
By want enfeebled, by affliction crush'd,
Supine is genius, and the muse is hush'd;
But virtue stands 'midst ev'ry scene secure,
Firm as she's fair, and permanent as pure!

She, unappall'd, beholds the dark'ning storm,
And braves misfortune in its ev'ry form ;—
That virtue's thine ; and, O ! delightful maid,
By virtue guarded, who should be afraid ?
Oh ! were the means, the heart-felt transport mine,
To cherish beauty, worth, and sense, like thine ;
Desponding fancy should no want create,
No fears arising from uncertain fate ;
Beyond the offerings nature's wants require,
Thine were what taste, and polish'd life admire ;
The seasons changing in alternate reign,
Should yield their treasures in an endless train ;
The wealth of ev'ry clime should reach thy shore,
And richest harvests yield an endless store.
On, as thou wander'st, thro' life's varying maze,
May rising comforts greet advancing days ;
And heav'n, propitious, to thine arms decree,
One, worthy Beauty, Innocence, and Thee.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. B. S's Letter to the Gossiper certainly possesses humour ; but surely the Writer must be aware, that we cannot admit into our pages any thing which has a tendency to throw into ridicule the Service of the Church, even of a Country Village, absurd as it may appear to a resident of the metropolis. We would not discourage ; there are subjects upon which the talents of C. B. S. may be employed to advantage ; and we shall be happy to hear again from this Correspondent.

The Contributions of our Correspondents have, of late, been too gloomy and melancholy for our Readers ;—this, in particular, is the objection to Mr. C's last Tale ; and we earnestly entreat them, if they would be serviceable to the publication, to turn their attention to cheerful subjects. Several favours were received too late for the present month.

Letters and Parcels for this Publication are requested to be sent (addressed to the Editor) to J. W. H. Payne's, No. 20, Warwick-Square, Newgate-street ; where a Letter-Box is placed, and Orders for the Work will be diligently attended to.





H.R.Cook sculp't.

Mrs. Centlivre.

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